

GEN

✓



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

<https://archive.org/details/somedoctorsfold116reds>



GC
974.801
L49L,
V.1
NO.16

“Some Doctors of the Olden Time.”

Being brief Biographical Sketches of
Some of the Old Doctors of Lebanon.

PAPER READ BEFORE THE

Lebanon County Historical Society

October 19, 1900

By J. H. REDSECKER, Ph. M.

Vol. 1. No. 16.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

In the preparation of this paper the writer acknowledges, with many thanks, the valuable assistance rendered by the following persons: Prof. W. J. Hinke, Rev. Dr. Jos. H. Dubbs, Rev. Dr. D. E. Klopp, Rev. Dr. F. J. F. Schantz, Rev. Henry J. Welker, Mr. Henry S. Heilman, Dr. S. P. Heilman, Dr. W. M. Guilford, Dr. E. Grumbine, Mr. John Jordan, Jr., Dr. John Marshall, Hon. Geo. A. Kelly, Rev. Dr. B. F. Alleman, Rev. Dr. W. A. Crawford and possibly some others whose names have now escaped me. Without the help of these gentlemen valuable data contained in the biographical sketches of some of these "Doctors of the Olden Time" would have been lost.

Some Doctors of the Olden Time

PAPER READ BEFORE THE LEBANON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, OCT. 19, 1900, BY J. H. REDSECKER, PH. M.

The "Doctor of the Olden Time" was in striking contrast to the physician of the present day. He combined in himself the professions of medicine, surgery, pharmacy and dentistry,

"For doctors were much rarer then, than the rarest of them now:"

Sanitation was not then reduced to a science, and he was often obliged to meet and combat disease under the most difficult and unfavorable conditions. His remedies, too, were few, the principal ones being calomel, jalap, salts and senna, as purgatives, opium to alleviate pain, Peruvian bark as a febrifuge, and

"Ipecac emetics,

With juniper and squills combined, for gentle diuretics,"

while his lancet played an important part as an all round antiphlogistic. To these were added such home-grown herbs as boneset, hoarhound, elder flowers and the like, good for almost every disease. Chemical research had not yet disclosed the active principles of drugs, nor had pharmaceutical science discovered the best means for their extraction. Their pills and powders were not sugar-coated or enclosed in cachets, and their boluses and decoctions were the most vile and nauseating. Painless and antiseptic surgery were not even dreamed of, and their operations, however skillfully performed, were exceedingly painful and sometimes barbarous. Ether, chloroform, quinine, morphine and cocaine, though some of them were known, were not commercially or professionally available, and the hundreds of new analgesic and antipyretic

coal tar derivatives for allaying pain and reducing temperature, with which we are now blessed or cursed—it is sometimes difficult to say which—were not then conceived by the wildest imagination. He knew little, and cared less, about the process of digestion. What mattered it whether the fats were digested in the bowels, the proteids in the stomach or the starches in the mouth. He knew the food was digested, for his patients grew hardy and strong, the food was substantial and wholesome, and pepsins, then unknown, were not necessary.

The doctor's life a century ago, was not blessed with the comforts which the doctors of the present possess. No covered buggy protected him from the wind and weather, and no blankets and robes and storm coats kept his body warm. He generally traveled on horseback with saddle bags filled with needed instruments and medicines, his lower limbs wrapped in green baize leggings to protect his pantaloons from wear and weather or else encased in corduroy "sherry vallies," which buttoned from heel to hip with rows of shining brass buttons. His coat did double duty, both as body coat and overcoat, and

"However stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
The hard dull bitterness of cold,"

as amidst the pelting rain or whirling snow and biting blasts of winter,

"The wise old doctor went his rounds."

Though an autocrat, in his way, holding, as it were, life and death in his hands, he was ever prompt to duty's call, and his life was one round of patient toil and hardship, often without other recompense than the consciousness of duty well done.

"In the night time or the day time, he would rally brave and well,
Though the summer lark was fying, or the frozen lances fell.
Knowing if he won the battle, they would praise their Maker's name,
Knowing if he lost the battle, then the doctor was to blame."

Perhaps the most widely read and best known "Doctor of the Old School," is William MacLure, of Drumtochty, whom Ian Maclaren has immortalized in that charming book, "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush."

Who is there that has not read it with a keen delight and admiration, for the heroic self-sacrifice of the good old doctor; and who has not, with Hillocks and Jamine Soutar, the cynic, "been lifted" to hear Sir George, the eminent London surgeon, exclaim at leave taking, "Give's another shake of your hand, MacLure; I'm proud to have met you; you are an honor to our profession?" And have not our eyes moistened over the scene that last fateful night in the old doctor's home, where alone with his old friend, Drumsheugh, when death steals over him and his mind wanders back to childhood, he whispers: "Gie me the kiss, mither, for a've been waitin' for ye, an' a'll sune be asleep," and the old doctor gets

"A furlough for his brain and for his heart."

Whether the old adage, that it takes nine tailors to make a man, be true or not, I do not know, but I do know for a certainty that Dr. MacLure is a composite, no less than six doctors entering into his makeup. A few years since, Dr. Watson, the author, delivered a lecture in Philadelphia on the characters in his books, which I had the satisfaction of hearing, and he then stated that in drawing the sketch of the "Doctor of the Old School," he took the best characteristics of no less than six physicians whom he had known. One of these, not knowing that a part of his personallity had entered into the makeup of the old doctor, in speaking to the author of Dr. MacLure, said that when he read the story he felt condemned at his sometimes selfishness. While Dr. MacLure, standing as he does on the pedestal where Maclaren has placed him, is an inspiration to all noble-minded physicians, I would fain follow the example of the Scotch divine, and form a composite of the Lebanon county "Doctors of the Olden Time." As did Ian Maclaren, I would depict only their virtues, throwiug the mantle of charity over their faults and shortcomings, for these they had, as who has not? No one is perfect, and our medical man of a century ago was no exception to the general rule. But if we do, as did the author of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," and blend into one the virtues and graces of half a score of the "Doctors of the Olden Time," we shall depict a hero beside whom the military hero pales into insignificance. The hero of a of a thousand fights with fell disease and grim death was our old doctor of a century ago. He feared not the contagion of smallpox nor the in-

fection of fever. He braved the loathsome horrors of sick rooms, worse than the dangers of a hundred battlefields, and fainted not at the sight of blood nor permitted his lancet to rust.

We see him roused from his slumbers between his warm blankets or featherbeds on a blustering winter's night, hurrying into his clothes in a cold room, in which, as a certain physician once phrased it, he had gone through the agonies of a hundred deaths. We see him with flint and tinder striking a spark with which to light his sulphur stick or blowing the smouldering ash covered embers into a flame to light his tallow candle, for lucifer, matches, kerosene lamps, gas and electric buttons were then unknown. With tin lantern reflecting a dismal light, he saddles his "Jess" and then wends his way amid snowdrifts, or through half frozen mire for miles and miles over wretched roads to minister to the wants of suffering humanity. The mission of our uncrowned hero, was to mitigate human suffering and save life; not to burden and destroy it. How insignificant and uncouth he appeared to the common eye, as he made his daily round from bedside to bedside, compared to the uniformed, epauleted and bespangled soldier amid the pomp and circumstance of murderous and destructive war, and yet how immeasurably greater and grander the quiet heroism of the doctor. We uncover our heads at the tomb of a Washington or a Grant, and sink our voices into whispers around the ponderous sarcophagus of a Bonaparte, but pass by the grave of the old country doctor of a century ago and fail to recognize true heroism. Let us honor the true hero today and bow in respectful admiration to the shade of our composite doctor—this undecorated soldier of hundreds of battles with the grim monster—to whom all honor is due.

"The brave old virtuous doctor,
The good old faulty doctor,
The faithful country doctor,

Who, when many pined in sickness, had stood so bravely by,
Half the people got the notion that the doctor couldn't die."

"His bones are dust,
His lancet's rust,
His soul is with the saints, we trust."

Apropos of the "Doctors of the Olden Time," I take the liberty of here introducing some verses written by Henry L. Fisher, Esq., of York, Pa., entitled

OLD TIME DOCTORS AND OLD TIME CURES.

When the ever-famous healing art was in its infancy,
It often happened on the score of sheer conviency,
That the family doctor also doctored, family, horse and cow,
For doctors were much rarer then than the rarest of them now.

And the system which they practiced was pure allopathy,
Three lengths ahead of Hahnemann's slow homeopathy,
(For he with his similia similibus ~~car~~anter
And dose infinitesimal, could only go the canter.)
They always rode on horseback, and gen'rally the gallop,
With saddle-bags and pockets full of calomel and jalap.

And epsom salts and senna, too, and hellebore and borax,
And herbs and teas for stomach-ache, the bowels and throat;
And aloes for cathartics mild, and ipecac emetics,
Peruvian bark in Holland gin, for gentle diuretics.

Moreover they came fully armed with "pullicans" and lance,
For to cut a vein or pull a tooth they never missed a chance.
With fiery mustard plasters, or with vile cantharides,
Or with devil's dung and opium they gave the patient ease.

If the patient was a clinic, his pulse was promptly felt,
His tongue was next examined and his breath was sometimes smelt;
If not in doubt on diagnose of pulse and breath and tongue,
The doctor got his saddle-bags and the treatment was begun.

If the case was chills and fever, or trouble in the head,
The first thing to relieve it was to have the patient bled,
And next to have him blistered just for counter irritation,
Then twenty grains of calomel for final salivation.

If the patient prayed for water to cool his parched tongue,
They sent and fetched the parson, quick, who prayed for him and
sung;

If all these didn't kill him, it was not for want of skill,
Nor yet for want of medicine, for of that he had his fill.

By this time his condition, perhaps, was very low,

And the doctors then consulted, to decide what next to do,
(And they generally concluded it was "best to put him through,")

And lest anything might happen, the sick man made his will—
If he died 'twas "providential," and the doctor made his bill.

But, such was the great endurance of the men of olden time,
That without a life insurance they would live to eighty-nine;
Yea, in spite of old-time doctors, ipecac and calomel,
And the parson's paternosters, some patients would get well.

The blacksmith and the tailor and St. Crispin's cobbling snob,
By turns each took his turn to do a little healing job;
To let, or check, or stop the blood, or break a spell of witch,
While each one had the only salve that would surely cure the itch.

Each was a dental surgeon, but to tell the honest truth,
It often took the "three estates" to pull an aching tooth;
The tailor held the patient's head, the cobbler held his feet,
And the blacksmith pulled the tooth so hard he landed on his seat.

O, Vulcan, still we honor thee—to thee the fame belongs—
Of improvising dentistry with hammer, punch and tongs;
And now behold what better things thy follow'rs have devised,
Our painless teeth in jaws and gums which they have vulcanized.

Then out with ev'ry natural tooth—a troublesome mistake—
And give us acci-dental teeth which won't decay or ache;
Behold the mouth of wrinkled age—its gracious grins and smiles—
A face almost restored to youth—as cheerful as a child's.

There were hundreds of home remedies for all kinds of complaints—
All better than the best faith-cures or the prayers of all the saints ;
If the children had the measles or the matter was in doubt,
They had to drink sheep-saffron tea to drive the rascals out.

And if a child was liver-grown, or seemed to have a spell,
Three times put through a horse collar would always make it well ;
The blooming youth who freckles had, went on the first of May
And with the early virgin dew, they washed them all away.

Although a wen was troublesome, it never did much harm,
For speedily they cured it with the famous old snake charm ;
They drew the snake by head and tail nine times across the wen,
And as they drew it back and forth, each time they said Amen ?
Then took the snake and throttled it and wrapped it in oak leaves —
Or else they took and bottled it and laid it heath the eaves.

Or, early in the morning, on the next first day of May,
To the nearest country-grave-yard did the wen der wend his way,
And there three times from off the grass, where the last youth
buried lay,
He brushed and used the May-day dew to drive the wen away.

Another was the dead stroke cure—the surest cure of all,
To stroke the wen across the head of a fresh-hanged criminal ;
If all these did not cure the wen, they surely did no harm ;
And therein lies the virtue of the faith-cure and the charm.

So, still by other homely means, still other ills were cured,
While yet, with all this homely skill, still others were endured ;
But now, O Esculapias, what wonders do we see !
Since doctors cure by miracles, what need have we of thee ?

Having thus generalized as to the "Doctor of the Olden Time,"
permit me to present some biographical sketches of some of the olden
time doctors of Lebanon, reserving for another paper biographical
sketches of the old practitioners of the country districts.

DR. HENRY WILLIAM STOY.

Dr. Stoy, whose fame as a physician possessing a wonderful cure for hydrophobia, extended far beyond the limits of Pennsylvania, was born in Herborn, Germany, March 14, 1726. He was the youngest son of John George Stoy, a tailor. He studied in his native town, at the University of Herborn, and became a candidate of theology in 1749. With four fellow students, among them Theodore Frankenfeld and John Waldschmidt, he went to Holland where he was examined by the deputies and excelled in his examination. He was ordained for the work in America in 1752, and came to Pennsylvania with the Rev. Michael Schlatter, who has been called the "father of the Reformed church in America." After his arrival he was assigned to the Tulpehocken church, now in Lebanon county, where he preached from 1752 to 1755. During his pastorate here he was afflicted with fever incident to a new settlement, and thought seriously of returning to Europe; but in 1756, on account of his health, he was assigned to Philadelphia, and his health improving, he finally decided to remain in America, and so wrote the Holland authorities Sept. 30, 1757.

While residing and preaching in Philadelphia, he contracted what was considered an unfortunate marriage with a "stocking weaver's daughter," Maria Elizabeth, daughter of Frederick Mans, one of his members. The marriage caused a great deal of dissatisfaction in the congregation, and though the officials of the church supported him, it resulted in his resignation and removal to Lancaster in October, 1758. He remained here until 1763, and was very active and successful in largely adding to the membership of the church. In the early part of the year 1763 he resigned the Lancaster charge and returned to Europe, the Amsterdam Classis reporting that he attended their meeting May 3, 1763. It is reported that he went to Leyden and studied medicine, but Rev. Dr. Good states that the matriculation books do not reveal his presence there, but that he went to his native town, Herborn, and studied medicine with Prof. John Adam Hoffman, who was professor at the university till 1773. He returned to America, probably in 1767, for in November of this year he wrote to Holland that he had returned to America; that he had several calls, and had concluded to accept Tulpe-

hocken, the present Host church in Berks county. He was, however, not in good standing with the church authorities in Pennsylvania, who declined to again receive him as a member of the Coetus, or Synod, not because of any moral delinquencies, but because of his disputation with many of the ministers and for the further reason that he was regarded as a "stirrer up of strife." He left the Host church about 1772 or 1773 and moved to Lebanon and began the active practice of medicine.

Let us pause here a moment and correct an error into which some historians have fallen by stating that he was pastor of the Reformed church in Lebanon from 1763 to 1768. Prof. W. J. Hinke, of the Reformed Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, who has devoted much time to historical research, informs me that Steubing, the historian of Herborn in his book, "Topographie von Herborn," says: "Mr. William Stoy, son of our townsman, John George Stoy, who studied here in 1741, and ordained to the ministry in 1749, going thence to America, where he preached for a number of years, returned to Herborn, where he became a private medical student of Prof. Hoffman, of blessed memory. He again went to America, where he doubtless now is, ministering to both body and soul."

If he was in Holland in 1763, and later at Herborn studying medicine as the records of the Holland Synod and the historian of Herborn show, and remained there until about 1767, when he wrote the Holland deputies that he had returned to America again, it is clearly evident that he could not have been in Lebanon as pastor of the Reformed church at this time. But further, the baptismal record of Tabor church was begun Nov. 24, 1764, by Rev. Frederick Casimer Mueller and is continued by him till April 5, 1766. The Hebron diary refers to Pastor Mueller repeatedly. Under date of July 1, 1762, is this entry: "Received a visit from Pastor Frederick Mueller, who, after a pleasant conversation, gave me a most cordial invitation to visit him at his home."

Again, July 18, 1762: "This afternoon, by special invitation of Pastor Mueller, Bro. Zahm and I attended the dedication of the newly erected Reformed church in Lebanon."

These extracts together with the church records from 1762 to 1766, prove that Rev. Mueller, and not Stoy, was pastor of the Reformed

church in Lebanon. But we have still further evidence. Lebanon, the Hill church and Templeman's, with probably several other churches, constituted one charge, the Hill church remaining united with Lebanon as late as 1864. The records of the Hill church, now in possession of our secretary, after careful investigation, reveal the further fact that Dr. Stoy was never the regularly installed pastor of that church. That he preached there occasionally as a visitor or supply in the absence of the pastor is not disputed, but never as a regular pastor of the congregation; and if not at the Hill church, then also not in Lebanon, as the evidence abundantly proves.

While practicing medicine, he also preached at various places, and was pastor to several country congregations. Like some of the doctors of more modern times, he rated himself as a statesman and took an active part in politics. In 1779, during the Revolution, he wrote a letter addressed to Joseph Reed, president of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, on "The Present Mode of Taxation," advocating a single tax on land, and he has the honor of being the first single tax man in the country, though his ideas differed from the single tax theories of the present day and were impracticable. He was elected to the Pennsylvania legislature in 1774, and wrote frequently on political subjects for the papers. He was highly educated and was fluent in Latin, German and English. It was, however, as a physician that he gained his greatest prominence and was known far and wide, not as a preacher, but as a doctor. His cure for hydrophobia and his hysteric drops, or "mutter tropfen," gave him notoriety, and people sent long distances for the remedies. In Gen. Washington's account book, sold at Birch's auction sale, 1890, and bought by a Mr. Aldridge for \$400, appears this record:

"Oct. 18. 1797. Gave my servant, Christopher, to bear the expenses to a person at Lebanon in Pennsylvania celebrated for curing persons bit by wild animals, \$25.00."

Whether Dr. Stoy's success in curing the disease was due to the remedy or to the fact that possibly only a small per cent. of the so-called rabid dogs are afflicted with rabies, we are unable to say, but from the ingredients it contained we are led to believe there was not

much virtue in it. The remedy consisted of one ounce of the herb, red chickweed, four ounces of theriac and one quart of beer, all well digested, the dose being a wine glassful. Red chickweed is supposed to be antivenomous, nervine and stimulating. The theriac is an old remedy, the Theriac Andromachi having been originated by Andromachus, of Crete, and originally contained some sixty different ingredients, on the order of the latter day poly-pharmacy or shot gun prescriptions, in the hope that some of the medicines would strike the disease. The name is derived from the Greek, meaning a venomous animal, and the medicine was believed to be capable of curing or preventing the effects of the bites of venomous animals. Its principle ingredient was opium, of which there was one grain to about 60 grains of the medicine. In latter day pharmacy the number of ingredients have been greatly reduced, confection of opium being the successor of our original remedy.

For the information of the medical fraternity I am pleased to say his noted hysteric drops, or "mutter dropfen," were made of opium, castor, saffron and maple seed, each one dram, and Lisbon wine four ounces, and possessing anodyne and antispasmodic properties, were doubtless beneficial in nervous disorders. That Dr. Stoy was a progressive physician, keeping abreast of the times, is shown by the fact that he was active in introducing inoculation for the smallpox, although there was a great prejudice against it, as an attempt to thwart Providence. In 1790, while Jenner was still making experiments in England and meeting with opposition from the faculty and the public, Stoy was fighting the same battle in our town in the new world, and while Jenner lived to witness the triumph of science over ignorance and prejudice, and to receive the plaudits of the world and the favors of parliament, Stoy died before the final triumph came.

The Hebron diary which contains valuable data and should be carefully translated and published for preservation, contains the following entry relative to Dr. Stoy:

1790, March 30. Dr. Stoy, who offered his services free of charge, came this afternoon and inoculated our little Henry for the smallpox. The doctor expressed with much warmth his opposition to desists and atheists, among whom he named Freemasons. He also stated that there

were persons in the community who believed in transmigration, and that these were the devil's true children. ("Und dieses waeren die rechten Teufel's kinder.")

He was very fond of hunting, and when going to distant congregations to preach would take his gun with him, and as he was a good marksman usually came home with a well filled bag. It is stated that on one occasion he was to preach at Walmer's church, on a week-day. On entering the church he stood his gun under the pulpit, hanging his powder horn and shot pouch by the gun. Ascending the pulpit he looked over the congregation, which consisted of a few old women, when he thus soliloquized: "What, only a few old women." Why shall I preach to a few women when hunting is so excellent?" and descending the pulpit stairway he took his gun and forthwith started out in quest of game.

Dr. Stoy was much interested in natural sciences and was a man of profound knowledge, but evidently somewhat erratic. Under date of May 12, 1791, the Hebron pastor states that he went to town (Lebanon) and "visited the Rev. Mr. Stoy, doctor, who inquired about the state of my wife's health. He was very friendly and begged that when we came to town we would visit him. He is a thoroughly educated man" ("Er ist ein grundgelehrter Mann.")

His preaching partook more of the apologetical than the spiritual, being philosophical, decursive and beclouding. Again referring to the beforementioned diary, we have this entry which it is stated is perhaps the best criticism of his sermons.

"1790. Feb. 3. I visited Dr. Stoy in the town (Lebanon). We had a very pleasant conversation. He is likewise a Reformed preacher and has still charge of two congregations in the country. He is well versed in natural sciences. In his sermons he is philosophical, deep and expiating, which obscures and taints the evangelical doctrines which he at times propounds."

It is reported that on one occasion, while pastor of a congregation in the western part of Berks county he preached a most powerful sermon which moved his audience to tears. Pausing in his discourse he resumed and spoke as follows: "I have now preached God's word to you

for nearly twenty years, but it seems to have had but little effect, especially in these later years. The pay of your pastor has been shamefully bad and you seem to forget that he has a wife and children at home who have mouths that must be filled and bodies that need clothing. When I look over the list of those who have paid to the pastor's support, and those who have not, it sends a chill down my spinal column, for I find so few who have paid anything. Yes! yes! The times are getting worse and worse. Many have grown so stingy that they cannot give the pastor a dollar for baptizing their children, but willingly expend four and five dollars for fine clothing for their children and dress them up until they look like monkeys. Where heretofore five dollars were given for a marriage, scarcely a dollar is now given, and this is wrapped in so many pieces of paper that it is only obtained after infinite trouble. You give the preacher a good dinner, a few scrubby apples and a dollar for conducting a funeral, and forget he has a family at home with empty stomachs and wide open mouths. If you were unable to pay, I would not speak of it, but the majority of you are able, and I can point with my finger, from this pulpit, to more than a dozen persons who recently slaughtered six to eight hogs and boasted that each one weighed over five hundred pounds. Where are the puddings and sausages, the hams and bacon, that were sent to the pastor? He hadn't any. I am to tire lungs and body directing you the way to heaven, whither you all desire to go, especially when it costs you nothing."

Tradition says he was a man of great physical strength, which may account for the effort to train one of his sons as a Nazarite and make a Samson of him. He tried to teach him to abstain from drink, to let his hair grow, not to go near a corpse nor attend a funeral, but failed. It is stated that the reputation of his feats of strength extended far beyond the limits of his home, and that upon one occasion a noted "bully," as they were then called, came all the way from Philadelphia to Lebanon for the express purpose of fighting him and thus testing which was the better man. Meeting him on the road, he made inquiry for Dr. Stoy, and being informed that he was then addressing him, the "bully" made known his purpose. Upon being told that he was not a fighting man

and had no occasion for a quarrel and did not want to fight, the stranger dismounted from his horse and said he would have to fight. As he approached, Stoy caught hold of him, and without apparent effort pitched him over the fence into an adjoining field. When he recovered from the fall and the astonishment, he humbly asked the doctor whether he would not be kind enough to throw his horse over the fence, too, so that he might start for home without a nearer approach.

Upon one occasion a person residing in the vicinity of the Hill church and afflicted with itch, called at Dr. Stoy's office in Lebanon for some of his famous itch ointment, or "Kretz Salbe," and the doctor being from home, word was left that he should bring it along the next Sunday, at which time he was to preach. So the next Sabbath armed with the sermon and the salve the doctor entered the pulpit and after preaching, not knowing the patient's name, he announced that he had the itch salve with him, and if the person ordering it would rise he would give it to him. It is needless to say that no one stood up.

He erected a dwelling house in Lebanon, but when or where I have been unable to learn.* He had a dispute and ultimately litigation with his builder, which is evident from a paper recently found among the papers of Judge Yeates, a member of the Lancaster and Dauphin bar, and subsequently a Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and sent to me by my friend, Dr. Egle. It says "the agreement made betwixt James Chesnale & William Stoy, says Chesnale is to erect a stone building of such dimensions as mentioned on the agreement, and that Chesnale after the raising of the wall is to have one-half of the amount of the money accruing on the work performed as mentioned in the agreement and particularly 3 shill's for the perch painted." He further states that notwithstanding all possible persuasion, Chesnale only did the rough walls, didn't build the chimney, and instead of using dressed sand stone, for the chimney, he used lime stone, contrary to contract. This paper is time stained and in Stoy's handwriting.

* The house built by Dr. Stoy is that now occupied by Mrs. A. R. Boughter. After Dr. Stoy's death it passed to William Stoy, his son, who moved to Augusta, Georgia. By his attorney-in-fact, William Patton, of Philadelphia, it was sold to Christian Snively, by whom it was sold to Gen. John Weidman, from whom it passed to Augustus Boyd, and thence to Levi Kline, and was purchased by Amos R. Boughter from the executor of Levi Kline's estate. In this house the first court in the new county of Lebanon was held, before the completion of the court house.

Stoy was a man of violent temper, fond of controversy, and could use the most vituperative language imaginable when provoked. At one time the editor of the "Unpartheische Readinger Zeitung" attacked him for some reason or other, and evidently attempted to play upon the name Stoy. He answered him with an article which appeared in the "Unpartheische Reading Adler." January 5, 1898. He wrote in part:

"Jungmann: Ich heiss nicht ein naerrischer Stoicker. Ob du armes Judgmaennle etwas von den alten griechischen Stoickern oder stoicis weisst, ist mer gleich viel: Sel gehen mich nichts an, Ein ehrlicher mann begeheth dergleichen Schelmen Stuecke nicht das er den rechten namen eines mannes auf solche schelmische Weise anzuweisen suche. Mein namen ist Wilhelm Stoy und mein familien name Stoy ist als ehrlicher name in der welt geschichte schon viel hundert Jahren her bekant wie ich anzuweisen im stande bin.

Jungmann: Ich muss dir eins zu deinem credit anschreiben. Du hast deinem Meister gefolgt, der sich nicht leicht an etwas schlechtes wagt: Ich-meine den Teufel, den die Freimaurer Hancarmerich heissen und die Schwarzen in Africa Dizly-Puzly. Du hast versuchen wollen wie dir mit mir auskommen willst, aber das soll dir etwa bekommen wie dem Hund das Gras-Fressen."*

After an eventful life, he died in Lebanon, Sept. 14, 1801, and was buried at the Host church, in Berks county. Some of his descendants reside in Lebanon, but none by the name of Stoy.

*I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. E. P. H. Pfatteicher, junior pastor of Salem Lutheran Church, Lebanon, for the following excellent translation of the above:—

"Young man; I am not to be called an insane 'stoic': it is of no moment to me whether you poor would-be young man know anything about the ancient Greek stoics or stoicism in general: that does not concern me. An honorable man is not guilty of such roguish tricks, as to apply the real name of a man in such a distorted manner. My name is William Stoy and my family name Stoy can be traced back into history many centuries, as I am able to prove.

"Young Man: I must give you credit for one thing. You have followed your master, who does not often undertake to deal with poor material: I refer to Satau whom the Masons call Hancarmerich and the colored people in Africa Dizly-Puzly. You have tried to see what success you might have, but it will agree with you as eating grass does with a dog."

DR. GEORGE REIDENAUER.

Dr. George Reidenaur was born in Bucks County about the year 1780. He attended one course of lectures at the University of Pennsylvania, in 1801, after which he came to Lebanon county and settled in Myerstown, where he began the practice of medicine. He soon acquired a large practice, but Lebanon, offering a more attractive field, he moved there some time prior to 1812, for in 1813 he built a two-story brick dwelling on the lot now occupied by Dr. Geo. Ross & Co.'s drug store. The house had the first winding stairway in town, he securing workman from Philadelphia for its construction. At the same time Mr. Shertzer erected the dwelling now owned by Mrs. Martha J. Ross, and seeing the winding stairway, had his carpenters try to imitate it, but they failed in their attempt to copy it and succeeded only from the second to the third story. When the building was under construction one of the workmen fell from one of the upper stories and broke a leg, and Dr. Reidenaur attended him without charge, though under no obligation to do so. About the year 1814 he married Maria Lochman, a daughter of the Rev. George Lochman, at one time pastor of Salem Lutheran Church. They had three sons, one of whom was drowned at Harrisburg while attending school, and one other died before attaining his majority. One son, Dr. John A. Reidenaur, born Feb. 7, 1825, was graduated from Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, in 1843, and the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1846. In July, 1847, accompanied by Dr. Cyrus D. Gloninger and Mr. Cyrus Rex, residing in Rexmont, he sailed for Europe, where he remained two years, pursuing his medical studies. He returned in 1849, and began the practice of medicine with his father, with promise of great success, when his earthly career was cut short by death in 1850. His death was a very severe blow, from which his father never recovered. Bereft, at about the age of 70, of wife and children, he lived on a lonely old man until January 22, 1863, dying at the age of 83 years.

Dr. Reidenaur was peculiar in many ways. He was equally strong in his likes and dislikes. Nothing was too much trouble for him, if he could oblige a friend. He was warmly attached to the Gloninger family, and if any of his former patients called in any of the Gloningers to at-

tend them, they could be sure of his cordial assent. For some reason he never liked the Schnecks, either Dr. Benjamin F., or his father, and to call in either of them, incurred Dr. Reidenaur's lasting enmity.

I remember on one occasion that Dr. Wedekind, then pastor of Zion's Lutheran church, came into the store upon a weekday evening for a bottle of Dr. Reidenaur's Magnesia Drops, a remedy which he prepared for infants, and as we did not keep them, he asked me to get the bottle filled and have it ready when he returned from service. So going over I asked him to fill the bottle, telling him it was for Mr. Wedekind. After getting it I asked the price, when he said, "He's a Schnake (he always pronounced Schneck, Schnake) man. I'll charge him 10 cents. If he wasn't a Schnake man I'd give it to him for nothing."

He was extremely sensitive as to his age, and it was impossible to get from him the date of his birth. To ask was to give offence and get a rebuff that you would ever after remember. Upon one occasion he was called as a witness in a case before 'Squire Weidle. It was relative to some real estate transaction that had occurred years before. To show his competency as a witness, it was necessary to ask him his age. So 'Squire Weidle, all unconscious of offence, asked: "Doctor, when were you born?" To his surprise the old doctor exclaimed angrily, "What the devil do I know. I wasn't present when I was born." 'Squire Weidle, who could appreciate a joke, remarked that he was not conscious of that fact when he put the question, and mollified the old gentleman's feelings in a way in which the 'Squire only was capable of doing.

Though at times outwardly brusque and stoical, he was kindhearted tender and generous, and watchful of the interests of those for whom he felt a personal regard. When Dr. Ross would be from home for a day or two he would sit in the store for hours making inquiries as to what was sold, how much obtained for it, and then telling of the prices at which he used to purchase it. He started that when quinine was first introduced he paid \$20 for an ounce, while ether cost an almost fabulous sum. I never learned until many years after his death, that he felt under obligations to look after the business in Dr. Ross' absence, and would report, "the boys did well- They took good care of things and attended to business."

One of his peculiarities was that with him "while there was life there was hope," and he never gave up a case until the patient was dead, and upon one occasion he denied the death of the patient. Mr. William Lehman, father of Benjamin and Samuel, then an old man, was taken sick. Dr. George P. Lineaweaver was called in and out of courtesy Dr. Reidenaur, who has been his old doctor, was called in consultation. The old doctor persisted in stating that Mr. Lehman would recover. One evening he was sitting on a bench that ran along the front of his residence when Col. Worth, who was one of his special friends, approached and said, "Well, Doctor, Mr. Lehman is dead." "No. He's going to get well," replied the doctor. "But he is dead," replied Col. Worth. The old doctor stamped his cane on the pavement and remarked: "It's a dam lie, he's going to get well," and started into the house, not to be seen again that evening.

In 1851 he was elected an Associate Judge of our county, serving the office for five years. His colleague was Judge Hibschan. He was for many years a director in the Lebanon Bank before it became a National Bank. He died full of years, honored and respected by the community in which he spent his life, ministering to the sick and distressed.

JOHN BICKEL MISH.

Dr. John Bickel Mish was born in Harrisburg, January 12, 1791. He was the only child of Jacob Mish and Catharine Bickel. His grandfather John Mish, settled in the vicinity of Harrisburg, and together with his wife, Margaret, is buried in the old Frieden's Kirche graveyard, near Shiremanstown, Cumberland county. Dr. Mish's father was a resident of Harrisburg, and the son was educated in the private schools of that town. He studied medicine with Dr. Samuel Agnew, one of the leading physicians of the State. He matriculated November 27 in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1811 and '12, and attended one course of lectures, but did not graduate, as he began the practice of medicine on his return, and, as was quite common a century ago, acquired a large practice and did not get time to go back again and

graduate. He settled in Jonestown, where he remained until 1821, when he moved to Lebanon in a fine stone mansion, now known as the Hartman House. Here he practiced medicine for sixteen years, until his death, which was the result of over-zealonsness in his profession. One of his old patients being ill Dr. Mish was sent for. He returned word that he was ill in bed and they should get another doctor, but they persisting in his seeing and prescribing for the patient, he rose from his bed on a stormy December night, made the professional call, and returned to take his bed with pneumonia, from which he died a few days later, on the 15th of December, 1837. In March, 1826, the Allegheny College conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine. Dr. Mish was very prominent both in his profession and the business life of the community. He was prothonotary of the connty, by appointment of the Governor, in 1837, and at the same time serving as chief burgess of the borough during the "shinplaster" era. As a physician he devoted his life to the work and was exceedingly humane, philanthropic and sympathetic. He was captain of a company of cavalry, popular in military circles, and his funeral, which took place on a Sunday, was attended by the military of the town, he being buried with the honors of war.

Dr. Mish was a large man, six feet one inch tall, well proportioned and without superfluous flesh. Gen. Simon Cameron, who knew him as a young man, for they were companions in Harrisburg, often remarked that he was the handsomest man in the state. Like the professional men of the period, he always wore the swallow-tail coat, wore shoes with overgaiters, and in making his professional rounds rode in a gig.

About 1816 Dr. Mish married Maria Weidman, daughter of Capt. John Weidman, of the Revolution, then the owner of, and residing at the Union Forge, now Lickdale. They had four children, three sons and one daughter, among whom were the late Dr. Physick B. Mish, and our present townsman, Col. John W. Mish.

DR. BENJAMIN PHREANER.

John B. Gough in one of his lectures used to tell of a three-handed man. He had a right hand, a left hand and a little behind hand. While

Benjamin Phreaner, the subject of this sketch, was not three-handed in this sense, he was possibly the most Briarfean of the many physicians who have ever lived in Lebanon. He not only conducted a drug store and practiced medicine, as many doctors do, but in addition thereto he had a hardware store, a dry goods and grocery store, ran a line of boats on the Union canal, and a grain and forwarding warehouse on Seventh street, and in connection with all this, in 1840 he built and ran the first iron works in Lebanon, the foundry on Seventh street, later known as the Mish foundry. He had the first steam engine ever erected in Lebanon. There was one, east of the town, at the canal feeder, but Dr. Phreaner's was the first in the town. My informant tells me that as boys they would stand at the doors of the foundry and look with open-eyed wonder at the revolution of the ponderous wheel, and listen with amazement at the loud and regular pulsations of the engine.

Benjamin Phreaner was born May 8th, 1784, near Mt. Joy, Lancaster county. His father moved to Lebanon county on the Horseshoe Pike, above Orth's old tavern. He was an herb doctor and it is likely that from him Benjamin got his medical education, as his daughter and two of his grandsons tell me he never graduated, which was not an uncommon thing in those days, for doctors then, like poets, were born, not made.

In March, 1803, he married Barbara Wengert, daughter of Lorenzo Wengert, of Perry county, and began the practice of medicine in Lebanon. He soon thereafter opened a drug store, which he conducted in a building that stood on Cumberland street, between Seventh and Eighth, near where Dr. B. D. Bucher resides. Some time later he opened a dry goods store in a brick building which stood where the fine brick building of John K. Laudermilch now stands, on Cumberland street. He gave all these interests his personal supervision, which, with a large and lucrative medical practice, must have kept him a very busy man indeed. He was a man of considerable wealth, owning, in addition to his business interests and property in Lebanon, the Laudermilch farm in North Cornwall township, near the present fair grounds. Some time in the fifties he bought the Thomas furnace property in Franklin county, which he operated. It was while making repairs to an outbuilding on this prop-

erty that the accident occurred which resulted in his death. They were erecting a small log stable, and those who were assisting thought that one particular log was too heavy for their combined strength and deemed it advisable to get more help. The old doctor thought otherwise and suggested a trial. They succeeded in getting it up, but when almost in place it turned and hit him, so that he was knocked down, and in falling his head struck the earth with such force as to cause concussion of the brain. He was rendered unconscious and died a week later, April 1, 1855. His remains were brought to Lebanon and interred from the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. Samuel Behm.

Dr. Phreaner had a number of children, one of whom, Samuel, was born October 25th, 1806. He was graduated from the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and practiced medicine with his father. He married Caroline, daughter of John Harper, a prominent citizen of Hanover township, and died February 15, 1841, after an illness of five days, and only four months after his marriage. A daughter, Emma, was born later, who married Rev. Dr. Davis, who became a prominent minister of the Reformed church and was for many years editor of the "Messenger," the official church paper.

Dr. Benjamin Phreaner was a man nearly six feet tall, weighing about 180 pounds, of great energy and force of character, and usually carried to successful completion any enterprise in which he engaged. A daughter, Mrs. Molly, resides in Lebanon. *

DR. GEORGE LINEAWEAVER.

Dr. George Lineaweaver was born in Londonderry township, now Lebanon county, in 1799. His great-grandfather, Peter Leinwebber, as the name was then spelled, came from near Frankford-on-the-Rhine to America in 1729 and settled in the Swatara Valley. Dr. Lineaweaver's father, Peter, third of the line, was born in Londonderry township in 1774. He was a man of prominence and influence, and held the office

* Mrs. Molly died since the reading of this report before the society.

of register of wills and clerk of courts by appointment of Gov. John Andrew Shultze. The doctor's father removing to the town of Lebanon he was educated in the schools and at the town academy. He studied medicine with Dr. John B. Mish, one of the prominent practitioners of his day, and attended one course of lectures at the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1819, but did not graduate. Afterwards, in 1846, the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine upon him because of his professional standing and the warm interest he manifested in that institution. He began practicing medicine about 1820 and acquired a large practice.

Apart from his professional life, he was a man of prominence in the leading affairs of the town and county, and held various positions of trust. Gov. Porter, in 1839, appointed him register of wills for the county to fill a vacancy, a position his father held many years before.

Dr. Lineaweaver married Sarah Toby, a daughter of Simon Toby, of Philadelphia. He had five sons, three of whom, George P., Simeon T. and John K., studied the profession which their father had honored, while a fourth, Washington K., became a doctor of dental surgery. Of these, Dr. John K. Lineaweaver, of Columbia, alone survives.

Dr. Lineaweaver was about five feet seven or eight inches tall, and inclined to portliness. He wore a wig and generally dressed in a black frock coat and wore overgaiters. He was affable and dignified. At one time he kept a drug store, and a bulk window long remained at his residence, which was a frame building and stood where the Bon Ton store is now located.

A gentleman who knew him well and was contemporary with his sons, said he shaved regularly every morning in his office, and while thus occupied would dictate the previous day's business to one of his sons, always using the Latin word "Aditus" for visit. He had a remarkable memory and knew every visit and what medicines was left with each patient.

On a summer evening the doctor would usually walk back and forth in front of his office, his hands behind his back, and not unfrequently had a cane in his hand which he would swing back and forth like a pendulum.

He died May, 1860, from a stroke of paralysis, after a brief illness.

DR. HENRY SCHNECK.

Dr. Henry Schneck was born in, or near, the city of Reading, Pa., September, 20th, 1799. He was the son of Benjamin and Elizabeth Schneck. His father was born in Liegen, Nassau, Germany, and was educated for the ministry, but owing to an affliction of the throat was not permitted to pursue his chosen profession. Hence, being thoroughly educated, he became a teacher. He came to this country in early life and settled in Berks county, where he met and married Miss Elizabeth Schraeder. Henry Schneck received his education from his father who was not only a successful teacher, but a most skillful musician as well, playing the organ in many of the churches in and about Reading. As he had an elder brother residing in Philadelphia, it is likely he studied medicine there. He attended one of the medical schools, but which I have been unable to learn. In 1824, or perhaps a few years earlier, he located in Lebanon and began the practice of his profession. He married Mary Weis, and had several children, all of whom died at an early age, except Benjamin F., who was educated at Mercersburg College and the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. He was a highly cultivated and courteous gentleman, an accomplished musician, doubtless inheriting the talent from his grandfather, an artist of no mean ability, and a skillful and successful physician with a large and lucrative practice. Dr. Henry Schneck was a man nearly or altogether six feet in height, well proportioned, dignified, austere, and not very sociable, it is said. He was a competent, careful and successful physician and respected by the community and his professional brethren. He resided on south Eighth street in the house now occupied by Dr. J. H. Mease. His wife died in 1862, and while attending a fire in December of that year Dr. Schneck contracted a heavy cold which developed in pneumonia, from which he died January 2d, 1863.

His funeral was largely attended, the sermon being preached by Rev. Dr. F. W. Kremer, of the Reformed church, of which he was a consistant member, assisted by the Revs. Drs. Harbaugh and Wedekind.

He had a brother, Rev. Dr. Benjamin Schneck, who was very prominent in the Reformed Church and for many years editor of the "Messenger."

DR. PHILIP GRETH SMITH.

Dr. Philip G. Smith was born in Bern township, Berks county, in 1810. He was educated at Mt. St. Mary's College, Maryland, in 1830. He read medicine with his brother-in-law, Dr. Daniel Deppen, of Beruville. In the fall of 1835 he married Louisa G. Allgaier, of Reading, and moved to Lebanon, where he engaged in the practice of his profession, continuing therein for a period of 44 years. In 1850 he purchased the rights of Lebanon county for "Coad's Patent Graduated Galvanic Battery" and thereafter confined his practice almost exclusively to chronic diseases. While belonging to the old school, ~~he used largely~~ of botanic remedies which in earlier life, he gathered. He cultivated Valerian root, in his garden, and some of the finest quality I ever saw, equalling if not exceeding the English root in appearance and medical virtues, came from this garden. He was familiar with the medical plants growing in Lebanon and the adjoining counties, and with assistants spent several weeks every autumn in gathering and curing them. From these he made his tinctures, decoctions and extracts.

Dr. Smith had quite an extended practice, and was a great pedestrian. He did most of his work on foot, except when going some distance into the country. He resided for many years on Willow street, between Seventh and Eighth, but later in life moved to Tenth street, just north of Willow.

He was tall, spare, slightly stooped and walked with a cane. He always wore a black swallow-tail coat with most capacious pockets. I remember his telling me, upon one occasion, of his being in the country when the farmer at whose house he had visited insisted on filling his pockets with apples, and of the farmer's amazement when he found they held almost or quite a peck.

He was a faithful member at St. Mary's Catholic church, companionable, courteous and pleasant. He was greatly respected by all with whom he came in contact. He died Dec. 4, 1870, aged 69 years. Of a numerous family, two sons survive, one of whom, Dr. W. C. J. Smith, is a practicing physician in St. Clair, Schuylkill county.

DR. NATHANIEL RANCK.

Johann Michael Ranck, the progenitor of the Ranck family in this country, was a Huguenot, native of Alsace, who fled to the Patalinate at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685). He came to this country by the ship Mortonhouse and located in Earl township, Lancaster county, August 24, 1728. His descendants were Philip, Samuel and Nathaniel. The last named, the fifth in descent, was born Mar. 15, 1808. His mother's maiden name was Mary Altz.

His early life was spent on a farm. He had for his preceptor in the study of medicine Dr. Isaac Winters, of New Holland, Lancaster county. He came to Philadelphia in 1830 and later took a course of study in Jefferson Medical College. He then went to Stouchsburg, Berks county, and then to Franklin county. Later he finished his medical course in a Baltimore medical college, and located in Manheim, Lancaster county, practicing medicine for a short time, when he removed to Lebanon, in 1840. It is thought that he had the third drug store that was opened in Lebanon. The first was Dr. Reidenauer's, near the location where Dr. Geo. Ross is now. The second was Dr. Lineaweaver's, a short distance above Dr. Ross', and the third was Dr. Ranck's, located on the South side of Cumberland street, near Seventh (in the old McCaully property). Later Dr. Ranck moved his store to Market (now Ninth) street, south of Cumberland. In 1853 Dr. Ranck came to Philadelphia as Custom House Inspector. After four years' service he retired and opened a drug store at Eleventh and South streets, where he continued in business until his death, in 1886, aged 78 years. His wife was Susan Keyser, of Chambersburg.

Dr. Ranck's daughter married Robert England, a distinguished pharmacist, of Philadelphia, whose son, Jos. W. England, is editor of the Alumni Report of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and a prominent member of the board of trustees of this institution.

DR. JOHN W. GLONINGER.

Perhaps the most distinguished of the "Doctors of the Olden Time," one commanding a wider sphere of influence and best known for his

professional attainments, was John W. Gloninger. His ancestry was of German origin, settling first along the Chiques creek, in Lancaster county, from whence they moved to Lebanon township. Here John Gloninger, the distinguished father of this eminent physician, was born in 1758. He received his education from the pastor of the Reformed church, who was also the teacher of the school. He served in the Revolutionary war, first as a subaltern, and commanding a battalion at the close of the war. He was a member of the first constitutional convention of the state, a member of the legislature, state senator, member of congress, and for many years an associate judge of the courts. Such, in brief, is the public record of the father of the subject of this sketch.

Dr. John W. Gloninger was born in Lebanon, September 23, 1798. His early training was under a famous local pedagogue, one McMullen.

"Brisk wielder of the birch and rule."

Afterwards he was sent to a select school in Harrisburg and thence to Baltimore, where he completed his academic education. In 1815 he commenced the study of medicine with Dr. King, of whom we have no record as a Lebanon physician. Early in 1816 he went to Philadelphia and became a private pupil of Prof. Dorsey, then in the height of his fame, at the same time attending lectures at the University of Pennsylvania and Blockley hospital. On the death of Dr. Dorsey, in 1818, he went to New York and entered the office of Prof. Hosack as a student, and attended the lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he graduated in April, 1819. After graduation he remained some time in New York pursuing his studies in the hospital, returning to Lebanon in 1820, when he began the practice of his profession.

He soon took a leading position as a physician and surgeon, which he maintained for upwards of thirty years. He was a careful, attentive and conscientious physician, distinguished for the accuracy of his diagnosis. As a surgeon he was eminent, his specialty being diseases of the eye, and he was particularly successful in his operations for cataract. Dr. Gloninger was an omnivorous reader, especially of medical works, and he had a remarkably retentive memory. He was a frequent contributor to the medical literature of the day, many of his articles showing that he was not only a careful observer, but a close student who

kept pace with the progress of medical science. In 1823 he was elected a member of the Pittsburg Medical Society, and in 1826 Fellow of the University of New York, and Jefferson Medical College conferred on him the honorary degree of M. D., the University of Pennsylvania doing the same in 1848. In his intercourse with his professional brethren Dr. Gloninger maintained the most cordial relations. Possessed of abundant means, and high social and professional standing, he was particularly kind to some of the older members of the profession, and in several instances, through his personal influence, secured for them the honorary degree of M. D., which they failed to procure earlier in their professional career. He took special interest in young men with noble aspirations and aided them, not only with wise counsel, but very often from his private means. In 1841 he was elected president of the Lebanon Bank, now the Lebanon National Bank, which position he held until January, 1867, when he declined a re-election. As a financier he was conservative to a marked degree, having more confidence in real estate than any other form of security. Although careful in the management of his estate, he practiced his profession not so much from the desire for pecuniary recompense as for the love for it and the good he could accomplish. Until he withdrew from active practice his services were commanded by all, rich and poor alike receiving his most careful consideration and professional skill.

He had many very peculiar characteristics. If he bought a picture or a book which he thought would be valued or appreciated by his friends he would either send the dealer to them, or else tell them himself, that they might share in what seemed to him something of value.

In personal appearance Dr. Gloninger was tall, with a large strong face and a pleasant expression. He was slightly stooped. His dress was the professional black swallow-tail coat, black or figured satin vest, dark trousers, low shoes, white stockings and always wore a black silk hat. He was very approachable, courteous and with a kind word for all.

He took great interest in religious and educational affairs, contributing to all these enterprises of his church. He was a member of the Reformed denomination and aided greatly in the erection and advancement of St. John's Church. He had five children—two of whom were

sons eminent in their profession—Dr. Cyrus Dorsey, who practiced in Lebanon, dying here August 23, 1872, and Dr. D. Stanley, of Philadelphia, who died some years since.

Dr. Gloninger died March 10, 1874.



12/21/2007
118458 E 95 00



HF GROUP - IN

